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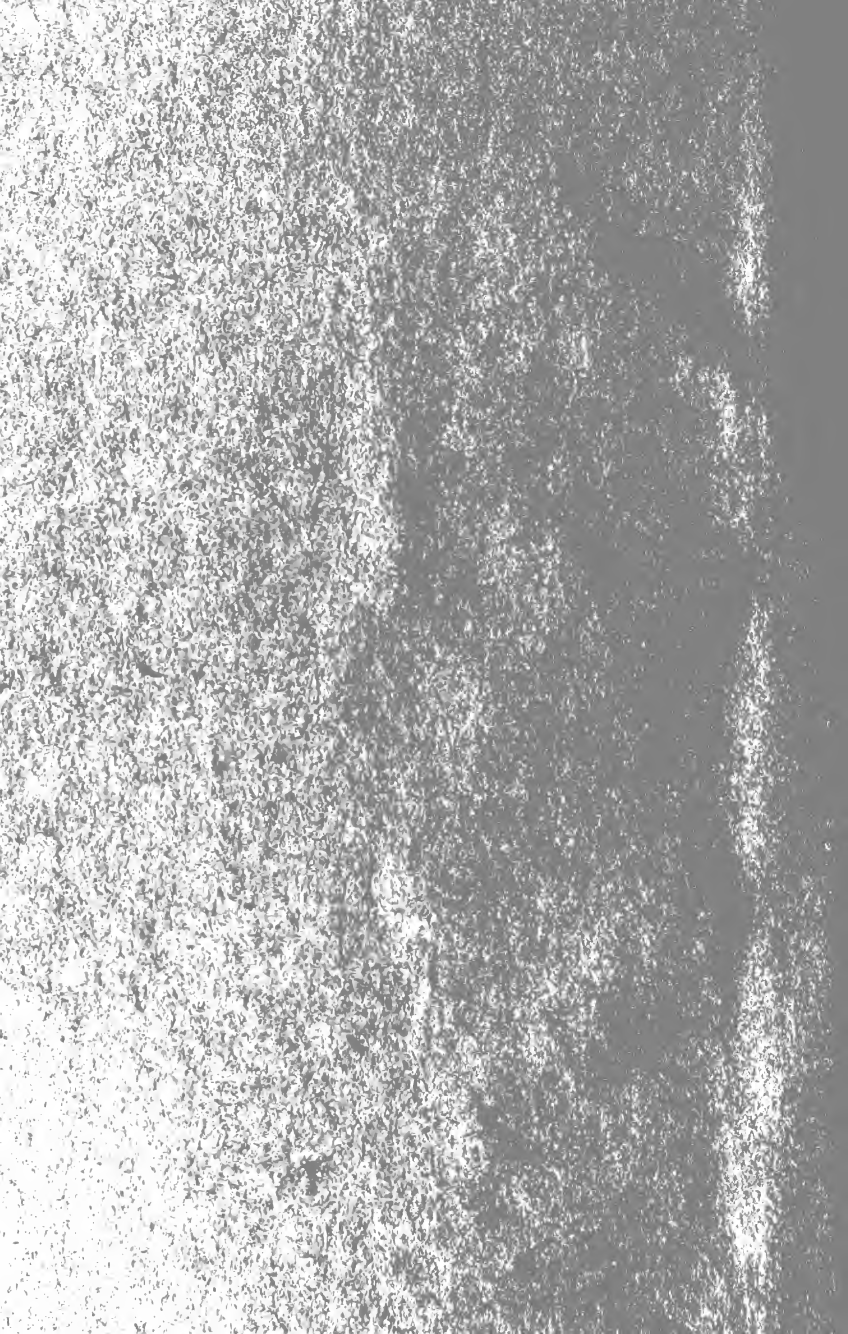


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# ROBERT MACAIRE.

A SERIO-COMIC DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.

BY CHARLES SELBY.

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## Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 14.]

First produced at the Victoria Theatre, December 3, 1834.

GERMEUIL (a wealthy farmer)	Mr. Tilbury.	PIERRE (head waiter)	Mr. Rogers.
DUMONT (an innkeeper)	Mr. Griffith.	SERGEANT LOUPY	Mr. Harris.
ROBERT MACAIRE (under the assumed name of Redmond)	Mr. H. Wallack.	LOUIS	Mr. Bannister.
JACQUES STROP (under the assumed name of Bertrand)	Mr. Vale.	FRANCOIS	Mr. Collett.
CHARLES (the adopted son of Dumont)	Mr. F. Webster.	MARIE	Mrs. W. West.
		CLEMENTINE	Miss Cross.
		Gens d'Armes, Itinerant Musicians, &c., &c.	

No. 325. Dicks' Standard Plays.

## C O S T U M E.

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**ROBERT MACAIRE.**—Patched green modern body coat with very long tails, short shabby red trousers dirty white gaiters, old shoes, stained waistcoat, ragged shirt, very large silk pocket handkerchief, shabby white hat with black crape round it. Old dressing gown for second dress.

**JACQUES STROP.**—Patched drab coat, dark waistcoat, striped trousers, old Wellington boots, shabby black hat. Short white bed-gown with frills, and close white night-cap for second dress.

**DUMONT.**—Modern black coat, black breeches, white waistcoat, white cotton stockings.

**GERMEUIL.**—Dove-coloured old man's suit, flowered waistcoat, white stockings, drab beaver hat.

**PIERRE.**—French blue frock smock, tricoloured belt, white trousers, blue night-cap.

**WAITERS AND PEASANTS.**—Coats and breeches.

**LOUPY AND GENDARMES.**—Blue uniforms faced with white, cross belts, swords, carbines, and cocked hats—all exactly alike.

**MUSICIANS.**—Shabby French coat and hat.

**MARIE.**—Blue linsey wolsey petticoat, large French apron of small check, brown cotton jacket with long sleeves, red cotton handkerchief over the jacket, white Norman cap, covered with a dark blue and white cotton handkerchief, dark blue worsted stockings, thick shoes.

**CLEMENTINE.**—White muslin dress and hat.

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## S T A G E   D I R E C T I O N S.

**EXITS AND ENTRANCES.**—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

**RELATIVE POSITIONS.**—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

R.C.

C.

L.C.

L.

•• The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience

# ROBERT MACAIRE.

## ACT I.

**SCENE.**—*The Exterior of an Auberge—a wall or railing, with gates in the centre, across the Stage—over the gates a sign board, on which is painted "Auberge des Adrets"—on the 2 and 3 E. L. H. the house, with a Bush over the door, and a board, on which is painted "Ici on vend la Bonne Bière et l'Eau de Vie." "Bon Logement a Pied et a Cheval"—on the 1 E. L. H. a door leading to a cellar—a table and benches under a tree, U. E. E. H.—a plank on two boards, 1 E. E. H. The high road is seen in the back-ground, the whole extent of Stage, winding over a Bridge, Platforms, &c. Curtain rises to lively Music.*

**LOUIS** and **Waiters** discovered arranging the table, &c.—*Louis has a basket with some bottles of wine—he takes the cork from one of them, and is drinking as PIERRE enters from the house.*

**Pierre.** Hello! hello! what are you about there?

**Lou.** (In confusion, hiding the bottle.) Nothing.

**Pierre.** Nothing! Do you think I did not see you?

**Lou.** Well, if you did, I'm sure I—

**Pierre.** (Blustering.) Come, come, sir, hold your tongue—don't try to excommunicate yourself; didn't I see you take this bottle out of the basket in this way? (Taking it out.) Didn't you pull out the cork in this way—and then didn't you put it to your mouth in this way? (Taking a long draught.) I'm ashamed of you; see, (Turning down the bottle.) you've emptied it; oh, you thief! I'll tell master to stop it out of your wages. Now, away with you all into the house, and get everything ready before Mr. Germeuil and his daughter arrive; don't stand gaping at me with your mouths open, and your hands in your pockets, but go. [Exit waiters into house.] Idle rascals! (Sitting on the table, R. H. and eating an apple, which he picks out from a plateful, which has been placed there by the waiters.) They think of nothing but eating and drinking. (Taking a cake from another plate.) Always stealing things that don't belong to them, and feasting at master's expense.

Enter **DUMONT** and **CHARLES** from the house.

(Pierre jumps up from the table, puts the cake and apple into his pocket, and pretends to be very busy, arranging the cloth, dishes, &c.)

**Dum.** Well, Pierre, how go on our preparations for the wedding fête? I see you are all in a bustle.

**Pierre.** Yes, sir, I'm obliged to do everything myself—can't trust Louis and the other waiters; I'm here, there, and everywhere—in a dozen places at once.

**Dum.** That's right—see that nothing is wanting for the entertainment of our friends—I wish every-

one to be as happy as eating, drinking, and dancing can make them.

**Cha.** You are very kind, sir.

**Pierre.** Why, Mr. Charles, what's the matter? one wouldn't think you were going to be married, you look so sorrowful and so melancholy.

**Cha.** Oh, no, you are mistaken, I'm quite merry. (Sighing.)

**Pierre.** Are you? Well, you've a very odd way of showing your mirth. Now, master, doesn't Mr. Charles look very unhappy?

**Dum.** He does; but I attribute his seriousness to the importance of the engagement he is about to contract.

**Pierre.** Ah, true—matrimony is a very serious thing, and requires a deal of consideration—a man ought to be sure of what he is about—for my part I think—

**Dum.** You are gossiping here when you ought to be attending to your work.

**Pierre.** You are right—I've a great deal to do—I mustn't idle my time hearing you tell long stories—I'll go and blow up the waiters. Here, Louis! Jacques! Francois! I'm coming, you rascals. [Exit into house.]

**Dum.** You see, Charles, I am not the only one who has perceived your melancholy. Clementine will soon be here; you mustn't let her see you look so miserable on this joyful occasion.

**Cha.** Ah, sir, when Mr. Germeuil knows the fatal secret you have revealed to me, will he then consent to my marriage with his daughter?

**Dum.** Hope for the best; he is too good and kind a man to be the slave of prejudice; he will never find a better son-in-law; and I am sure is too anxious for the happiness of his daughter to be an obstacle to your union.

**Cha.** Oh, that I could think so.

(Noise of a Carriage without, R. H.)

**Dum.** Hark! Germeuil and Clementine have arrived. Hello! Pierre! Louis! Francois! quick, quick!

**PIERRE, LOUIS, and WAITERS** enter from House, go off, R. H., through Gates, and return with bundles, band-boxes, &c.

**Cha.** A few moments will decide my fate.

Enter **GERMEUIL** and **CLEMENTINE**, R. H.—Germeuil advances to the front—shakes hands with Dumont—Charles goes up to Clementine, who remains with him at the back—Pierre runs about loaded with bundles and band boxes, which he lets fall, &c.

**Ger.** Welcome, old friend—you didn't expect me so soon, I daresay—but, you know, I'm an impatient old fool—I like to settle things off-hand Clementine, my love, when you have finished this disembarkment of your band-boxes, perhaps you will notice your future father-in-law?

*Clem.* With pleasure. How do you do, sir?

(*Shaking hands with Dumont.*)

*Ger.* What are you about there, Mr. Charles—are you waiting for permission to kiss your wife?

*Cha.* (*Coming down, L. H.*) Mr. Germeuil, the title of Clementine's husband is the most precious to which my heart aspires—but honour imperatively forbids I should accept of it before you have had an understanding with my father. You will then decide, if you think me still worthy to possess the hand of your daughter.

*Ger.* (*Astonished.*) What does this mean?

*Dum.* I will inform you, while Charles assists Clementine to arrange her hand-boxes.

*Clem.* That is to say, I must not hear your conversation.

*Dum.* Go, my love, you shall soon know all.

*Clem.* Come, Charles, give me your arm. Papa, don't let Mr. Dumont detain you long. Do you know, Charles, I've such a beautiful new lace dress, and such a love of a bonnet.

[*Exit Charles and Clementine into the house.*]

*Ger.* Now, friend Dumont, we are alone, what is this secret to which Charles seemed to attach so much importance?

*Dum.* One on which his happiness or misery depends. The disclosure I am about to make will decide his fate.

*Ger.* You alarm me. Explain.

*Dum.* Learn, then, my friend, that Charles—is not my son!

*Ger.* What say you—not your son?

*Dum.* Nor any relation. Listen. Between eighteen and nineteen years ago, seeing a crowd collected round the door of an inn, a few miles on the road to Grenoble, I inquired the cause, and found that a poor woman had left a new-born infant in the charge of the innkeeper, and had not returned to claim it. I looked upon the unhappy child (which everybody repulsed) and, overcome with pity for its helplessness, determined to adopt it.

*Ger.* 'Twas kind—'twas noble!

*Dum.* From the report of some soldiers, who were in pursuit of the mother, I learned that she had been imprisoned at Grenoble (no doubt for some bad action), but had found means to elude the vigilance of her keepers, and escape.

*Ger.* What became of her?

*Dum.* I know not—her retreat was never discovered.

*Ger.* And you had no trace—no clue?

*Dum.* None. I brought up Charles as my own child—and have never regretted an act of charity, by which I have gained the best of sons, and perhaps rescued a fellow-creature from crime and misery.

*Ger.* Does any one know this secret?

*Dum.* No one but yourself.

*Ger.* 'Tis well—give me your hand.

*Dum.* What? you consent, then, to Charles's happiness?

*Ger.* He is still the son of my old friend. What! shall I punish an unfortunate youth for the faults of his mother? Shall I make his birth a crime? No! Charles is virtuous and honest; and I value such qualities too much to refuse to acknowledge and esteem their possessor, be his parents ever so vile or worthless.

*Dum.* Generous man! I never doubted the goodness of your heart; but this last act of kindness.—Pshaw, it has brought the tears into my eyes.

[*Enter CLEMENTINE and CHARLES from the House.*]

*Clem.* All is safe, father-in-law—everything is in order—my bonnets have not been crushed or my dresses tumbled, have they, Charles?

*Ger.* (*To Charles.*) Well, young gentleman, what say you now?

*Cha.* Say, sir?

*Ger.* Yes, sir—will you kiss your wife?

*Cha.* Is it possible? Am I to be so happy?

*Ger.* To be sure. Kiss your wife, sir, or I'll take her away from you.

*Cha.* Clementine! (*Embracing her.*) Oh, sir, my gratitude shall equal my happiness.

*Ger.* (*Shaking him by the hand.*) Say no more; you are a good lad, and I am proud to call you my son.

*Dum.* Now, then, let us think of our little fête. Charles, go ask your friends, and bring them here immediately.

*Clem.* For what?

*Ger.* To celebrate your marriage.

*Ger.* Indeed! then we had better retire and arrange our dresses, Clementine. (*To Charles.*) I wish your wife and father-in-law to do you honour.

*Clem.* Don't be absent long, Charles.

*Cha.* I'll return immediately, dear Clementine.

[*Exit through gates, R. H.*]

*Ger.* Come, old friend, show me to my chamber. Clementine, my love, this is the happiest day I have known for twenty years. Your old father will dance at your wedding as nimbly as he did at his own. La, la, la.

[*Singing and dancing—Dumont, Germeuil, and Clementine exit into house.*]

(REDMOND and BERTRAND appear at the extremity of the road; they cross the Bridge, Platforms, &c. Redmond walks boldly, and Bertrand fearfully, stopping every second or third step to look round. Finding Bertrand does not keep up with him, Redmond impatiently beckons him forward, and, when he is within his reach, seizes him by the collar and shakes him. Both stop, look at the house—Bertrand tries to return back—Redmond holds him and insists on his going forward. They enter through the gates—their dresses are extremely shabby and covered with dust. Redmond has a black handkerchief tied over his left eye. Bertrand carries a bundle at the end of a stick.)

*Red.* Come on, comrade, put your best leg foremost. What are you afraid of? We are out of danger now, and shall soon reach the frontier.

*Ber.* The sooner the better. Oh, my poor nerves! they've had St. Vitus's Dance ever since we escaped from the prison. Those devils of gendarmes cover all the country—before, behind, and right and left, and everywhere. Oh, my poor nerves!

*Red.* Bah! You are frightened at your own shadow, and tremble like a woman. Why the dence don't you learn to be bold and impudent?

*Ber.* Because I can't—I always was nervous, and I can't help being afraid. Oh, I wish I had half your impudence! You are afraid of nothing; you swagger and bounce, and hold up your head as if



you were the most honest and upright man in the world.

Red. Well, isn't my assurance to be commended? Doesn't it get us out of all our scrapes and dangers? What's the use of being a thief if you haven't the impudence of the devil, and the manners and appearance of a gentleman;

(Taking snuff, and using handkerchief.)

Ber. Ah, that's all very well—but I don't feel comfortable—those confounded gendarmes will be sure to catch us, I know they will.

Red. Pshaw! we have nothing to fear.

Ber. Haven't we, though?

Red. This bandage secures me from being recognised—and your pretending to be silly, prevents you from being suspected—besides, haven't we our passports?

Ber. Yes, forged ones. I tremble like a steam-boat whenever we are obliged to show them. Oh, my poor nerves! Those gendarmes always examine us with an attention that sadly troubles a dirty conscience. I can't bear them—the sight of one of their cocked hats is enough to set my poor nerves all on the dance, and make me sink into my boots with fear.

Red. Well, well, we shall soon be beyond their reach; but a few leagues further, and we shall be in Piedmont.

Ber. I wish we were there now—we shall never be safe till we are out of danger.

Red. This is the inn I told you of; we will stop here awhile, and refresh.

Ber. No, no, no! let us go on—'tis too near the road. Who knows but some gendarmes may be there. Let us go on. (Trying to go.)

Red. (Stopping him.) No! I won't stir till I've had something to eat, and a bottle of wine. (Striking table with his stick.) Hollo! waiter! house! landlord! everybody!

Ber. Oh, my poor nerves! We shall be sure to get into a scrape! Oh, curse your impudence!

Red. Do as I do, sir, make the people believe you are silly.

Ber. That won't be very difficult, if I do as you do. Oh, my poor nerves! (Striking the table with his stick in imitation of Redmond, and pretending to be silly.) Hollo! hollo! hollo! waiter! house! landlord! landlady! chambermaid! housemaid! barmaid! any maid!—hollo!

Enter PIERRE from House.

Pierre. Who calls? Hollo! (Seeing them.)

What's your pleasure, gentlemen?

Red. Bring us some refreshment.

Pierre. (Staring at him.) Sir?

Red. (Taking snuff, and flourishing handkerchief.) Bring us some refreshment.

Ber. (Taking snuff from Redmond's box, and pulling out a small torn handkerchief, which he flourishes in imitation.) Yes, bring us some refreshment, and something to eat!

Pierre. Refreshment!—something to eat!

Ber. Yes—bring us some peck.

Pierre. Peck! what doth the gentleman mean, sir?

(To Redmond.)

Red. My noble friend means refreshment. Peck is the fashionable word made use of in the high society we have been accustomed to associate with.

(Pulling up his collar and swaggering.)

Pierre. Indeed! (Aside.) They are a pair of

beauties for high society. (Aloud.) What will you take, gentlemen?

Red. What have you in the house?

Pierre. Everything.

Red. Then bring us—

Ber. Some bread and cheese.

Pierre. Bread and cheese.

Ber. Yes, and an ingun.

Red. (Flourishing his stick.) Don't you hear, fellow, some bread and cheese, an ingun, for my noble friend; the latter is a vegetable I never patronize, for the ladies have an objection to it.

Pierre. Beg pardon, but we are very busy within, preparing for a wedding; so, if you've no objection, I'll serve your refreshment under that tree; you'll be very comfortable, and enjoy the fresh air.

Ber. So we can—and it won't do us any harm, for it's a long time since we have tasted it.

(Redmond strikes him on the legs with his stick, and then crosses, flourishing it to Pierre, who looks astonished. Bertrand seats himself at table.)

Red. What the devil are you staring at? Bring the refreshment.

Pierre. Directly, sir. (Aside.) These are the queerest customers we've had for a long time.

[Exit into house.]

Red. (Looking round.) I see the place is arranged for a fête; so much the better—'twill enliven us; I'm very fond of marriages.

Ber. (At the table.) Then why don't you get married?

Red. I am married.

Ber. Indeed! why you never told me that. (Coming down.) Where is your wife?

Red. I don't know; 'tis eighteen or nineteen years since I left her, to avoid the pursuit of certain gentlemen with cocked hats and long swords.

Ber. Ah! gendarmes. Don't you know what became of her?

Red. Eh? (Lost for a moment in thought.) No, I never inquired.

PIERRE Enters—removes the apples and cakes—then returns with the bread and cheese and a bottle of wine—looks at Bertrand's bundle, which he has left on the table—takes it up with the tops of his finger and thumb, and puts it on the ground.

Ber. Perhaps she has made her way in the world in the same manner as yourself, by involuntary contributions.

Red. No, I think not; she was one of those persons who had, what prejudiced people would call, good principles and honesty.

Ber. Ah, those are things we know nothing about.

Red. Scrupulous on the points of virtue and respectability.

Yer. I never heard of such nonsense.

Red. Preferring hard work and misery to employing our little methods of making money; in fact she was a poor, weak-minded, moral, industrious, virtuous individual.

Ber. My dear friend, what bad company you must have been in to meet with such a woman. Where could you have picked her up?

Pierre. (Coming behind Bertrand, and slapping him on the shoulder.) Your peck is ready, sir.

Ber. (Starting across in great alarm, to L. H.) Eh? oh, Lord! I'm not the man!

Pierre. What's the matter, sir?

Ber. Devil take him—how he frightened me

Oh, my poor nerves! I thought it was a gendarme.

Red. (Aside.) You fool, you'll ruin us.

(Kicks him, then goes up, flourishing his stick—he seats himself at the table, takes off his hat, places it on the top of his stick—it goes through the crown—Rustic music is heard without—Redmond takes a comb from his pocket, and arranges his hair and whiskers.)

Pierre. (Looking out.) Ah, here they come! (Bertrand, alarmed, tries to rise—Redmond prevents him.) Here's Mr. Charles and the villagers. (Calling at house.) Mr. Germeuil! master! Miss Clementine! make haste—here is Mr. Charles and his friends. (Music.)

Enter CHARLES and villagers through gates—DUMONT, GERMEUIL, and CLEMENTINE from house.

Dum. Welcome, welcome, friends—you see we expected you. Come into the house—you'll find plenty to eat and drink, and then we'll finish the fête with a dance. Come, friends.

Cha. Stay, stay! a poor woman has fallen down in the road there; come, some of you, and help me to assist her. (Music.)

[Exeunt Charles, Pierre, &c.]

Ger. Poor creature! how wretched and miserable she seems.

(Charles, Pierre, and villagers bring on Marie, and place her in a chair.)

Clem. Let me assist her.

Dum. Pierre, some wine—some wine.

(They give Marie wine—she slowly recovers, and looks round—Redmond, who has mingled with the villagers, on seeing her face, starts, takes Bertrand by the arm, and goes off with him, 3 E. R. H.)

Cha. How do you feel now?

Mar. Better—much better; thanks, kind friends, thanks—your assistance was very useful, for I have not tasted food since yesterday morning.

Clem. Poor creature!

Dum. You are not of this country?

Mar. No, sir.

Dum. You have come from some distance?

Mar. Yes, sir, from Italy; I am going to Mount Meliam to seek employment.

Dum. You have friends or family there?

Mar. Alas, I have now no family; I have no friends either—for I am poor and miserable. Yet I once had children—husband—parents, and friends. I was once affluent and happy; but misfortune's withering breath has blown upon me, and I am left a poor, lone woman—worn down with sorrow, want, and sickness, without a roof to shelter me, or the means of buying bread.

Ger. This poor woman interests me.

Pierre. (Crying.) And me too.

Mar. (Rising.) Pardon me, kind friends. I perceive my presence throws a damp on your pleasures. I am better now; I will continue my journey.

Ger. No, no, impossible; in your weak state 't would be dangerous—you shall sleep here to-night; that is if my friend Dumont has no objection.

Dum. Objection! How could you think of such a thing? You shall stay, my good woman, and

have a comfortable supper, and breakfast too. Pierre, take her in, and see that she wants for nothing.

Mar. Oh, kind gentlemen, may Heaven reward you.

[Exit into house with Pierre.]

Dum. Now, kind friends, follow me. Let us attack the eatables and drinkables.

[Exeunt Dumont, Clementine, Germeuil, Charles, and villagers, into the house.]

Enter REDMOND and BERTRAND, 3 E. R. H.—Redmond looks into the house, seems thoughtful and uneasy—takes the stage several times with hurried steps.

Ber. Hollo! what's the matter with you? What do you go through all those revolutions for?

(Imitating.)

Red. Nothing—no matter—never mind.

Ber. But I do mind; I say, you are not pretending to be silly, are you?

Red. Bah! (To himself, half aside.) No, no, impossible—it cannot be—she could not—no, no—yes. I should like to be sure.

Ber. So should I.

Red. (Turning) Of what?

Ber. That the gendarmes are not following us.

Red. Fool! someone is coming; sit down.

(Nerves Bertrand to sit down.)

Ber. Oh, my poor nerves!

Enter GERMEUIL and DUMONT from the house.

Ger. Now, friend Dumont, if you can spare a moment from your friends, let us talk over a little business—I want to settle everything off-hand. Now, in the first place, I intend to give Charles twelve thousand francs as Clementine's wedding-portion.

Red. (Aside.) Twelve thousand francs! that's a pretty sum.

Ber. (Aside.) Very tidy.

Dum. Very liberal indeed. I'll give up my house to Charles during my life, and settle all I am worth upon him at my death.

Ger. Very well—your hand—the affair is settled. Now I wish you would take charge of the twelve thousand francs for Charles; here they are, in this pocket-book, in good bank-notes.

(Opening book.)

Red. (Aside to Bertrand.) Do you hear?

Ber. Yes, and see too.

Dum. No, no, you had better keep them, and present them to him yourself to-morrow.

Ger. Nay, I'd rather you took charge of them—this confounded book is troublesome to me; I'm afraid of losing it.

Red. (Aside.) We'll take care of it for him.

Ber. (Aside.) Certainly, it would be no trouble to us.

Ger. Nay, nay, I wish to get rid of it;—oblige me?

Red. (Aside.) Do you—I'll oblige you presently—you shan't be troubled with it much longer.

Enter PIERRE from the house.

Pierre. Master, will you give me the bunch of duplicate keys—I want to get the bed-rooms ready. (Dumont gives a bunch of keys.) Where do you mean to put Mr. Germeuil?

*Dum.* In No. 13—that's the best room in the house.

*Pierre.* And the poor woman—where shall she sleep?

*Dum.* You may put her into No. 12.

*Pierre.* Very well. Beg pardon, gentlemen, you'd better come in, or you'll not get a morsel of the goose pie.

[Exit.

*Dum.* Come, friend Germeuil, now you've settled your business, come in.

*Ger.* I'll follow you in a few minutes—I wish'd to speak with that poor woman: Will you request her to come to me.

*Dum.* Certainly—don't let her detain you long.

[Exit into house.

*Red. (To Bertrand.)* Follow me, and hold your tongue.

*(They steal across the stage on tip-toe, and go into the house.)*

*Ger.* Yes, the young folks will want an honest, trustworthy person. I'll see if this woman will suit them—she seems a steady, middle-aged, sensible person. I'll question her.

*Enter MARIE from house.*

Come here, my good woman, I wish to say a word to you.

*Mar.* I am at your orders, sir.

*Ger.* What is your name?

*Mar.* Marie.

*Ger.* I perceive, by your manners and language, that you were not always in the forlorn condition you are in at present. May I ask your history.

*Mar.* Ah, sir, spare me the recital!—do not increase my misery by making me recall misfortunes and wrongs I have endeavoured to lose the recollection of.

*Ger.* I wish not to distress you—mine is not an idle curiosity. You have been married?

*Mar.* Alas! yes, sir.

*Ger.* Is your husband living?

*Mar.* I know not, sir. He *(weeping)* deserted me many years ago.

*Ger.* You have had a family?

*Mar.* I had a son—but I—*(sobbing)*—I lost him, sir—and have never known a moment's happiness since.

*Ger.* Come, come, be consoled—heaven may send you some relief.

*Mar.* Ah, sir, my sorrows are irreparable.

*Ger.* Not so; they may be alleviated by honourable conduct, and the esteem of good and honest people.

*Mar. (Weeping.)* Alas!

*Ger.* My words appear to distress you. Can you be guilty.

*Mar. (Wildly.)* Guilty—oh, no, no! think not so, I implore you; I am innocent; I call heaven to witness that I am.

*Ger. (Astonished at her vehemence.)* Innocent! What would you say? Do you mean that you have been accused unjustly?

*Mar. (Embarrassed.)* Sir?

*Ger.* Explain yourself.

*Mar.* Excuse me, sir, I cannot.

*Ger.* Speak without fear, I am your friend. You are silent—*(severely)*—then I have nothing more to say to you; *(going)* yet you are unfortunate, and have a claim on my pity. Take this purse—it contains some money, and may suffice for your present wants.

*Mar. (Weeping.)* Am I sunk so low? No, sir, I am poor, I know—your charity has already relieved me. I thank you for it—but I am not a beggar, nor am I the guilty wretch you think me—keep your purse, sir, I'd rather work these fingers to the bone—I'd rather starve than accept the bounty of a stranger, who believes me to be worthless and ungrateful.

[Going.

*Ger.* Where are you going?

*Mar.* I know not. Heaven, who reads all hearts, and knows if I have deserved my misfortunes, will not abandon me.

*Ger.* Stay, stay, I request—I have been too harsh; I am sorry I have given you pain. It is in my power to alleviate your sorrows. When you think proper to tell me your history, I will be more explicit. In the meantime, I request you will keep this—*(presenting purse)*—not as an alms, but as a pledge of the sincere interest I take in your welfare. Nay, I insist.

*Mar.* I obey, sir—*(taking purse.)* I will see you to-morrow—and if I have strength of mind sufficient will tell you the melancholy history of my misfortunes.

[Exit into house.

*Ger.* Poor creature; she has deeply interested me, and I feel 'twould be an act of real charity to befriend her.

*(He is about to enter the house, meets Bertrand and Redmond)—Redmond bows to him with great ceremony, makes way for him, and, as he passes, steals his pocket-handkerchief.)*

*Red.* Your most obedient. A very respectable old gentleman, that. *(Looking at the handkerchief.)* I wish he would wear silk pocket handkerchiefs, though—cotton ones are not worth taking—except for amusement, or to keep one's hand in.

*(Putting it in his pocket.)*

*Ber. (Picking Redmond's Pocket.)* I don't mind cotton ones. Well, now we are alone, perhaps you'll have the kindness to explain your conduct. What do you mean by ordering a bed? Is it your intention to stay here to-night?

*Red.* It is.

*Ber.* Oh, you fool—your confounded impudence will be our ruin—we shall sure to be discovered. Oh, my poor nerves.

*Red.* Listen. Have you courage to second me in a perilous enterprise?

*Ber.* A perilous enterprise?—that's as it may happen. My courage is so shaky, I can't answer for it.

*Red.* What say you to appropriating to ourselves the twelve thousand francs?

*Ber.* Oh, oh, I see you want to keep your hand in. I don't care, provided there is no danger.

*Red.* You saw the bunch of duplicate keys for all the rooms in the inn?

*Ber.* Yes.

*Red.* That of Mr. Germeuil's chamber ought to be there.

*Ber.* Certainly.

*Red.* We must get possession of it.

*Ber.* Well, what then?

*Red.* We will let ourselves into his room while he is asleep, and the twelve thousand francs will be ours. *(Giving him a blow on the stomach.)* That's the way to do it.

*Ber.* Is it. I wish you'd keep your hands to yourself—you've hit me in the wind. But I say,

suppose now, by accident, he should happen to be awake, there'd be a pretty kettle of fish—he'd alarm the house—we should be taken, and, oh, lord, my poor nerves!—don't let us think of it.

Red. Bah! you are always afraid—I'll take care we're not discovered. Hush! here comes the waiter—I must get the bunch of keys. Mind what you are about—be ready to assist me.

*Enter PIERRE from House.*

Red. Hollo, waiter! will our room soon be ready?

Ber. Ah! will our room soon be ready, Mr. Waiter?

Pierre. Do not be impatient, gentlemen—it's very early yet—you can't want to go to bed—there's going to be a dance and all sorts of fun out here presently. I can't attend to you for some time. *(Going to cellar door, and putting a key into the lock.)*

Red. *(To Bertrand.)* Engage him in conversation for a minute or two.

Ber. I will. Isay, Mr. Waiter, what are you doing there?

Pierre. Eh? *(Turning round.)* Why I am going into the cellar to fill this basket with wine for the guests.

Ber. Fill that basket with wine—won't it run out?

Pierre. *(Aside.)* Ha, ha, ha! this fellow is silly—I'll have a game with him. *(Aloud.)* Oh, no, it won't—don't you see *(Showing the basket)* the bottom is water-proof?

*(As he turns to show the basket to Bertrand, Redmond takes the key out of the door.)*

Ber. Ah, dear me—so it is—how wonderful!

Pierre. *(Aside.)* Ha, ha, ha! he's the softest chap I ever met with—I'll make him believe the moon is made of green cheese presently. *(Going to door.)* Hollo, the key is gone! Who the devil has taken it?

Red. What's the matter, young man?

Pierre. I've lost a key.

Red. Indeed! has anybody stolen it?

Pierre. Stolen it! nonsense—there are no thieves here.

Ber. *(Aside.)* Arn't there, though?

Red. *(Kicking him.)* Be quiet, you fool. *(Aloud.)* I should hope not, young man—for I make it a rule never to stop in any place where a robbery has been committed; and if you think you have thieves about the premises I shall go.

Ber. So shall I.

Pierre. Oh, no, sir, don't be alarmed, I shall find the key presently—I haven't time to look for it now, so I'll get the duplicate, which I have on a bunch indoors. We are all honest people, here, sir. *[Exit into House.]*

Red. All's right—we shall get it—he has gone for the bunch.

Ber. Don't forget No. 13.

Red. Hush, he is here!—don't seem to notice him. Sing.

PIERRE *Enters*—Redmond and Bertrand sing together a verse of a popular song in Burlesque Opera style.

Pierre. Bravo, bravo! Why, gentlemen, you sing a very good song?

Red. Why, yes, we do sing a little—they know us at the Opera.

Ber. *(Aside.)* I believe they do—in the pick-pocket line.

Pierre. *(Looking on the bunch.)* Key of the cellar—this is it. *(Taking it off, and leaving bunch on chair, L. H.)* Now for it.

*(Opening door of the cellar, and going in.)*

Redmond takes up the bunch, and searches for the key.—Bertrand assists him.)

Red. No. 10, 11, 12, 13.

Ber. That's it—take it off.

Red. Confound it—I can't. *(Trying to get it off.)*

Pierre. *(Within.)* I've got the wine.

Ber. Make haste—make haste. Oh, my poor nerves.

Red. I have it.

*(Taking off key and putting it in his pocket as Pierre enters with wine. He turns to lock cellar door.)*

Pierre. I wonder what became of that key?

Ber. I know. I found it down by the door when you went in. There it is. *(Giving it.)*

Pierre. Now, that's very odd; I looked so carefully for it. I'm very much obliged to you. *(Going towards house.)*

Red. Oh, you are very welcome. Haven't you forgot something, young man?

Pierre. Not that I know of.

Red. *(Pointing to chair.)* Isn't that your bunch of keys?

Pierre. *(Going to the chair, and taking bunch.)* Oh, what a fool I am. I don't know what I'm about. I shall lose my head some day. *(As he turns to enter house, Redmond takes a full bottle out of his basket, and puts in an empty one.)* Thank you, sir; I'm very much obliged to you. *[Exit into house.]*

Red. Ha, ha, ha! Well done us. I declare I never did anything better since I have been in the profession. Now, then, we must wait patiently till everybody in the house is asleep, enter the room, take the pocket-book, and make our escape.

Dum. *(Within.)* Come along, friends. Now, then, for the dance.

Red. Hark, they are coming here! Let us mix with the villagers, and join in the dance—'twill prevent suspicion.

*Enter DUMONT, GERMEUIL, CHARLES, CLEMANTINE, PIERRE, LOUIS, Waiters, and Villagers from house. DUCASSE, PETITOE, and GROS JEAN, with their Instruments, enter through Gates.*

Dum. Now, then, my lads and lasses, take your partners, and foot it merrily.

*(Pierre places the musicians on the bench, 1 E. R. H.—the leader rosins his bow, taps to begin, &c. Bertrand seals himself in L. H. corner, with a bottle and glass. A pas seul or pas de deux—then a quadrille is formed. Redmond asks a lady (the principal dancer) to dance with him. She refuses, not liking his appearance. He takes out his snuff box, flourishes his handkerchief, and at last persuades her to be his partner. He leads his lady forward, bows with great ceremony to everyone, takes his place in the front, and dances in burlesque imitation of the Opera style. A quadrille of sixteen, in two lines, by all the characters and the corps de ballet.)*

## FIGURE:

Both sides meet in the centre, and return to places.

Ladies hands across.

Gentlemen join hands with their partners; all balances.

Turn partners to places.

The whole of the pastorelle figure as in the first set; alternate couples advancing on each side; promenade all round.

(When the dance is over, Redmond leads his lady to a seat—offers her refreshment, &c.)

Ber. There he is, all in his glory. Oh, Lord! who'd take him for a thief?

Red. Well, comrade, how do you get on? Why don't you dance?

Ber. I can't dance; I arn't in spirits. I arn't such a bold-faced chap as you. I'm afraid they'll know me.

Red. Pshaw! Make yourself agreeable, as I do. I'll get you a partner.

Ber. No, no!

Red. But I say yes! yes—you shall dance. (To a lady (the principal dancer) who is passing at the moment.) Mademoiselle, this gentleman, my noble and illustrious friend, is desirous of dancing the next dance with you.

(The Lady bows—Redmond pushes Bertrand forward—he offers his arm, and leads her to the front.)

Ber. (Aside to Redmond.) I won't. Oh, my poor nerves! (To lady.) Upon my life, you are very handsome. (Aside.) If the gendarmes were to see me now.

(A gallopade (four sides, as in a quadrille) by the characters and ballet.)

## FIGURE:

All chassex croisez—ladies to the centre.

Dos a dos.

Top couples lead through to opposite sides.

Side couples ditto.

Top couples lead back to places.

Side couples ditto.

Right and left all around.

Follow Bertrand wherever he leads.

(Bertrand dances grotesquely—Redmond stands near the leader and directs the Dancers, calling the figure, &c. Towards the conclusion he seizes the violin and leads the orchestra, dancing and playing with extravagant action until the fall of the curtain.)

## END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

SCENE.—The interior of an Auberge. A raised gallery from 3 E. to 2 E. E. H. with two chambers opening on it (Nos. 12 and 13)—a staircase leading to the gallery 2 E. E. H. In the centre of the flat a large high practicable window, with shutters to fasten inside, and a door L. H., supposed to be the principal entrance to the house. The back-ground remains as in Act I. A door on each side. N. B.—The window-shutters are closed at the commencement of the Act. A large table 2 E. L. H. covered with a white cloth. A table under the gallery for the Gendarmes to place their swords and carbines upon.  
—Music.

BERTRAND comes out of No. 13 in great alarm—feels his way down the staircase, and leans against the balustrade. REDMOND, with a quantity of bank notes in his hand, rushes out of the room, closes the door, and descends.

Ber. Oh, my poor nerves! What have you done? I hav'n't a drop of blood in my veins!

Red. 'Twas unfortunate. Necessity has no law. He would have alarmed the house.

(Counting notes.)

Ber. Come, come—let us make our escape. Daylight will soon appear, and we shall be discovered. We've got the money; come, come, let us be off.

Red. You fool! our slight would cause us to be suspected. We must remain.

Ber. Remain! oh, my poor nerves! what will become of me? You must be out of your senses. Hark! (Shuddering.) I hear something moving—some one walking! Come, come, let us be off.

(Trying to force Redmond away.)

Red. What the devils are you afraid of? Come into our chamber, and we'll divide the money. If you don't learn to be more a man, I'll cut your acquaintance, or your throat, one of these days.

[Pulling him off through door 1 E. E. H.]

MARIE opens the door No. 12—appears in the gallery, and cautiously descends the staircase. The daylight begins gradually to be seen through a hole at the top of the shutters.

Mar. No one is up yet. The moment is favourable. I will quit the inn before Mr. Germeuil awakes. He will, no doubt, seek to renew his examination, and I have not fortitude to bear it. Rather than cover myself with shame, by exposing my wrongs and my disgrace, I will quit the house. If I could get out without noise—

(She tries to open the door—finds it is locked.)

Enter PIERRE, with a lighted candle, from a chamber in the gallery.

Pierre. It's scarcely daylight. I think I'm up early this morning after our jollification. (He looks over the balustrades and sees Marie.) Hollo! what's that over there? Eh! 'tis the woman we gave shelter to yesterday. What the devil is she about? (Quietly descends.)

Mar. Unfortunate! I cannot open the door.

Pierre. Why do you want to open it?

Mar. (Starting.) Ah!

Pierre. Where do you wish to go so early? I thought you promised Mr. Germeuil you would not go away without speaking with him.

Mar. 'Tis true. I had no intention of going away. I merely wished to—(Confused.)—to—to—take the air. The chamber where I slept was so small, I could scarcely breathe.

Pierre. Indeed! now do you know I think it is as airy and comfortable a room as any in the house. But be that as it may, we don't open our doors until master and all the family are stirring.

Mar. I beg pardon—

Pierre. (Aside.) I don't half like this. (Aside.) I think you might have waited till you were called. For my part, I think master is too good-natured—he gives an asylum to everybody, and often takes in idle people who ought to work for their living, instead of depending on charity.

Mar. (*Weeping.*) Another humiliation!

(*She takes out her pocket-handkerchief to wipe away her tears, and lets fall the purse given her by Germaul.*)

Pierre. (*Taking it up.*) Hollo! what's this? a purse containing gold!

Mar. 'Tis mine! give it me!

Pierre. Hah! hah! it seems, then, you are not so poor and miserable as you appear to be. (*Returning her the purse.*) You are a deep one. (*He blows out the candle, then goes up and opens the shutters and the window. Marie sits at a table l. h.*) What a beautiful morning! I say, if you want a mouthful of air, put your head out of the window—(*blowing*)—capital for the lungs! (*A large bell is heard ringing without.*) Hollo! who is that ringing our gate bell so early? (*Bell rings again.*) Don't be in a hurry—I'm coming!

[*Opens door and exit.*]

REDMOND and BERTRAND enter from their room, R. H.—Bertrand has a short white bed-gown, and Redmond an old dressing-gown, very large pattern, and a handkerchief tied round his head, the ends hanging down on the side.

Ber. Where does that noise come from? Oh, my poor nerves! Have they found it out already?

Red. No, no, you coward! (*Seeing Marie.*) Eh! isn't that the woman we saw last night?

Ber. Yes.

Red. I must see her face again and clear up my suspicions.

(*Advancing towards her on tip-toe—Bertrand seats himself on the stairs.*)

Mar. Fatal is the impression poverty inspires—the unfortunate is always suspected of being guilty of crimes.

Red. (*Leaning on the back of her chair and making his snuff-box creak.*) You seem unhappy, my good woman; what is the cause of your grief? Come, come—don't fear to trust me, for sometimes when we least suspect it we may find ourselves in society and in places where we are known.

Mar. Oh, heaven! do you know me?

Red. I didn't say that; nevertheless, at first, the sound of your voice, the contour of your figure and features recalled to me a certain person: Were you ever at Grenoble?

Mar. (*Agitated.*) Grenoble!

Red. Yes. I lived there some time—did not you also reside there?

Mar. I!

Red. Yes—near the prison.

Mar. (*Aside.*) Ah! I am known. It is true, that—

Red. It is true that it is true, eh?

Ber. (*Aside.*) What does he mean by all these questions? What is it to him where the woman has lived?

Red. Did you know, about eighteen or nineteen years ago, a person called Robert Macaire?

Mar. Gracious powers! what name have you pronounced?

Red. That of your husband—your—

Mar. Silence, sir! repeat not the name of a monster who has embittered my days, and brought me to shame—to misery and ruin.

(*Redmond bursts into a laugh, takes a pinch of snuff, and crosses to Bertrand—Marie ascends the staircase, and enters her room.*)

Red. (*To Bertrand.*) 'Tis she!

Ber. What she?

Red. My wife!

Ber. Your wife! does she recollect you?

Red. No.

Ber. Glad of it—let us be off.

Red. Stay—we'll have our breakfast first.

Ber. Breakfast! I can't eat. You don't consider my nerves.

Red. Pshaw! never mind your nerves. Take my dressing-gown, and give me my coat. (*Taking off dressing-gown, and appearing in a very ragged shirt.*) Hollo! (*Looking at his sleeves.*) I've got on one of my summer shirts—give it me again. (*Bertrand assists him on with his dressing-gown.*) Now call the waiter.

Ber. But, I say—

Red. Call the waiter.

Ber. Oh, my poor—we shall get into another scrape. Waiter! waiter! waiter!

Red. (*Taking the Stage.*) Waiter! waiter! hollo! hollo!

Ber. (*Imitating.*) Waiter! waiter! hollo! hollo!

Enter PIERRE, D. in F.

Pierre. Here I am, gentlemen. You are up early—have you passed a bad night?

Red. Oh, dear, no—quite the reverse, I assure you.

(*Singing, taking snuff, and flourishing his pocket-handkerchief.*)

Ber. Quite the reverse—quite the reverse, I assure you. (*Imitating with torn handkerchief.*)

Pierre. I have made you wait a little, gentlemen, because I was engaged putting up the horses of some guests who have just arrived—three gendarmes.

Ber. (*Starting.*) Gendarmes. Oh, my poor nerves!

Pierre. Hollo! your friend seems frightened.

Red. (*Kicking Bertrand.*) Frightened! Oh, no. (*Taking Pierre aside.*) The fact is, he is a little touched here in the upper storey, and I frighten him with the name of gendarme as they do children with that of Bogie.

Pierre. Poor fellow! I thought he was foolish.

Red. You mustn't mind what he says. Bring us our breakfast, young man.

Pierre. Immediately.

[*Exit, l. E. L. H.*]

Ber. (*Aside.*) Now I shall be murdered!

Red. (*Seizing Bertrand by the collar, and dragging him forward.*) You infernal rascal! You cowardly villain, do you want to ruin us?

Ber. No, I don't, but—

Red. Be quiet, or I'll murder you.

(*He forces him into the Room R. H.—Music.*)

Enter LOUPY, BATON, and FLONFLON, D. in F. and PIERRE, l. E. L. H. with Plates, &c., which he places on the Table.

Pierre. Well, sergeant, your horses are safe in the stable.

Lou. Yes, and eating their breakfast. Now it's our turn, Pierre; bring us some ham and eggs, and the best wine in the house.

REDMOND and BERTRAND, with their Coats on, enter from their Room, and swagger down to the front.

Pierre. Immediately. Have the kindness to sit

down here. (Pointing to table, L. H.) You can breakfast with these gentlemen.

(Pointing to Redmond and Bertrand.)

Ber. (Aside.) Breakfast with three gendarmes? Oh, my poor nerves!

Red. (Affecting the fashionable.) We shall feel honoured.

Lou. (Examining Redmond and Bertrand.) I have seen these persons somewhere. Pierre!

(Taking him aside.)

Ber. How he examines us! Oh, my poor nerves!

Lou. Oh, I recollect—I saw them yesterday on the road.

Pierre. They are very respectable gentlemen. I think they belong to the Opera. They are such fine singers. The tall one in particular.

(Redmond sings a verse of an Italian song in imitation of Rubini—puts his hands on his coat pockets, and goes up, showing a large patch on his trousers.)

Pierre. He can do anything with his voice.

Lou. Can he? Then I wonder he doesn't make it get him a new pair of trousers. (Retires up.)

Red. (Aside to Bertrand.) 'Tis the sergeant who examined us so closely yesterday. Impudence alone can save us. Do something to make him believe you are silly. Sing—dance—do anything. (Redmond sings another verse, and Bertrand dances—he makes an extravagant pirouette, stumbles against Redmond and knocks him down—Pierre and the Gendarmes lift them up—Redmond beats and kicks at Bertrand.) Oh, you blackguard! Oh, you thief! you rascal!

Ber. I couldn't help it! I couldn't help it!

Pierre. Breakfast is ready, gentlemen.

Lou. Will you sit down, sir? (To Redmond.)

Red. With the greatest pleasure. After you.

(They bow with great ceremony, and seat themselves, Redmond, R. H. and Loupy L. H. The other Gendarmes take off their swords, &c. Bertrand remains in front, R. H.)

Lou. Does not your friend breakfast with us?

Red. Oh, certainly. (Takes a pinch of snuff, and makes his box creak—Bertrand starts.) Bertrand, my dear friend, come to breakfast.

Ber. No, I thank you, I'm not hungry. I want to go into the fields to hear the dickey-birds sing. (Going—Redmond stops him.)

Red. (Aside.) If you dare to stir a step I'll murder you! (Aloud.) Now do sit down.

Ber. (Aside.) Oh, my poor nerves! (Aloud.) I'd rather not. (Aside.) Oh, those devils of gendarmes!

Red. (Pushing him into a seat.) You fool, sit down. (Aside.)

Ber. Oh, my poor nerves!

(Sits down, c.—The two gendarmes seat themselves on each side of him—He starts, looks from one to the other, trembles, &c. Redmond makes his snuffbox creak.)

Red. You must not mind my friend, gentlemen—he stands too much upon ceremony. Come, Mr. Pierre, you must drink with us.

Pierre. Thank you, sir—I never drink in the morning; but to oblige you I'll take a thimbleful. (Fills a large glass and drinks.) I don't care if I take a small taste of bread and ham. (Cuts a large piece of bread, takes a slice of ham, and eats voraciously.)

It is some time since I have seen you, Mr. Loupy.

Lou. Why, yes, the country is so quiet; and if it had not been for two rascally thieves, who have escaped from prison—

(Bertrand starts and begins to cough violently—the two gendarmes think he is choking and slap him on the back. He endeavours to rise—they force him down—he struggles to get away, dreadfully alarmed.)

Ber. Oh, my poor nerves! thank you—thank you, gentlemen. A piece of ham went the wrong way—

Red. From what prison have the rascals escaped?

Ber. (Aside.) Oh, lord! Curse his impudence!

Lou. The prison of Lyons!

Ber. We are dished!

(Slips down under the table.)

Lou. (After a pause.) Hollo! where is your friend?

Red. Bertrand! Bertrand! (Finding he does not appear or answer, he makes his snuff-box creak—Bertrand shows himself under the table.) What the devil are you doing there?

Ber. I'm looking for my tooth-pick.

Red. Come out!

(Pulling him from under the table, and throwing him into R. H. corner.)

Ber. Oh, my poor nerves! I couldn't stand it.

Red. And what has become of the rascals?

Lou. 'Tis suspected they have taken refuge somewhere in this neighbourhood. (Rising and going forward.) I wish I could put my hands on them—(Placing his hands on the shoulders of Redmond and Bertrand)—the rascals would find it rather difficult to shake me off.

Red. (Forcing a laugh.) I should think so! Ha, ha, ha.

Ber. Oh, my poor nerves! (Trying to laugh.) Ha, ha, ha!

Lou. Come, gentlemen, we must be going.

Red. Nay, gentlemen, don't go yet. I really cannot part with you so soon.

Ber. (Aside.) Curse his impudence. He'll persuade them to stay. Oh, you fool! Oh, my poor nerves!

Lou. You are very polite, but I must attend to my duty. Pierre, what have I to pay?

Pierre. Three francs and a half.

Lou. (Taking out a purse and giving him money.) There! (To Redmond.) Sir, your most obedient.

(Returns purse into his coat pocket—Redmond steals it.)

Red. Well, if you must go, I suppose you must. Pierre, some wine! One glass at parting!

(Pierre fills glasses—Loupy, Redmond, Bertrand, Pierre, and gendarmes, stand together and hob and nob—Pierre and gendarmes go off—Redmond shakes hands with Loupy, and bows him off with great ceremony.)

Ber. (After watching them off.) Tol lol de rol. (Dancing.) They are off! Tol lol de rol lol!

Red. Well, Bertrand, what do you think of me now? Didn't I deceive the gendarmes famously! They are fine jolly fellows—capital companions, are they not?

Ber. Capital—but I'd rather have their room than their company.

Red. I tell you what, my good friend, it's no use



disguising one's opinion—the fact is, you are a downright fool. You have several times been on the very point of betraying us. Now understand me—if you don't alter your conduct, I'll do myself the pleasure of cutting your throat.

Ber. Will you? I won't give you a chance.

Red. Now then, let us return to our chamber. Call Pierre, and pay the bill.

Ber. Pay the bill! Nonsense, my dear fellow! We have no occasion to do that—we never pay.

Red. Why you unprincipled rascal! would you go away without paying your bill!

Ber. Why not?

Red. A pretty name we should leave behind us. They'd call us swindlers. Pierre, bring our bill.

Pierre. Immediately, sir.

Red. And don't forget the bread and cheese.

Ber. Yes, and don't forget the ingun.

[Redmond pushes him into the room, L. H.  
—Music.]

Enter VILLAGERS, C. D. with PIERRE.

Pierre. You've come rather early, friends; but I dare say the bride and bridegroom are ready to go with you to church.

Enter CHARLES, CLEMENTINE, and DUMONT, L. H. D.—MARIE comes out of her room, and cautiously descends the staircase.

Cha. We only wait for Mr. Germeuil, friends—we are quite ready.

Dum. He sleeps rather late this morning. We'll give him a few minutes longer, and then if he doesn't make his appearance we'll wake him.

Cha. It must be nearly eight o'clock. I wonder he is not up.

Mar. No one observes me. Now to escape.

(She steals round at the back, and is about to exit by the door, when she is met by Loupy and the gendarmes, who look inquisitively at her as she passes—she goes off over the bridge.)

Cha. Ah, Serjeant Loupy, I'm glad to see you. What brings you so far from head-quarters?

Lou. I'm in pursuit of two thieves, who have escaped from the prison at Lyons. I breakfasted here this morning, and have returned for my purse, which I must have dropped somewhere. Pierre, have you seen it?

Pierre. No; I saw it in your hand when you paid me, but not since.

Lou. Help me to look for it—I dare say it's not far off. (They search.)

Dum. Charles, you had better go up to Mr. Germeuil. (Charles ascends the staircase.) Perhaps he is ill. 'Tis very odd! I thought he was an early riser.

Cha. (Listening at Germeuil's door, and trying to open it.) Ah, I think I hear groans! the door is locked!

Dum. Indeed! Pierre, you've the bunch of duplicate keys—give me No. 13.

Pierre. Yes, sir. (Looking over the bunch.) It's very odd—it isn't here.

Cha. Then I'll break open the door.

(Clementine runs up the staircase—Charles breaks open the door and enters the room with Clementine—loud scream heard.)

Dum. Gracious powers! What has befallen?

Clem. (Rushing distractedly down staircase.) Oh, Mr. Dumont! my poor father is murdered!

(General start of horror.)

Omnes. Murdered!

Cha. Oh, horrible crime! Mr. Germeuil is covered with wounds, and weltering in his blood!

(The Villagers go up the staircase, and enter the room—Clementine wishes to follow, but is prevented by two women, in whose arms she faints and is taken off, L. H.)

Lou. Dreadful! had he any enemies?

Dum. None, I am certain—he lived but to do good.

Cha. No doubt he has been the victim of villains, who have robbed him. Here is his empty book, which I found on the ground beside him.

Lou. Do you suspect anyone?

Dum. No.

Pierre. But I do. I suspect the woman to whom you gave shelter last night.

Lou. What, a poor looking person, in a dark dress?

Pierre. Yes.

Lou. I saw her go out just now.

Pierre. Let her be pursued! (Loupy signs to one of the gendarmes, who exits in pursuit over the bridge.) I saw her trying to leave the house early this morning. I saw a purse of gold in her possession.

Dum. Indeed! there certainly is cause then for suspicion.

Lou. It is my duty to investigate the business. Place yourself there (to gendarme) and take down the evidence. (To Pierre.) Was this woman the only stranger who passed the night here?

Pierre. No, sir; there were two more travellers—those gentlemen with whom you breakfasted.

Lou. Let them be called.

Pierre. Yes, sir. (Crossing to R. H. door—bawling and knocking.) Hollo! hollo! gentlemen, you are wanted.

Red. (Within.) What's the matter? Who knocks at my door in such a furious manner? (He enters with Bertrand.) Ah, Mr. Pierre.

Pierre. The officer of the gendarmes wishes to speak with you.

Ber. (Aside.) We are discovered! It is all over with us! We are dead and buried! Oh, my poor nerves!

Red. Oh, my esteemed friend and breakfast companion—what is the matter?

Lou. A murder has been committed in the house.

Ber. (Aside.) Oh, my poor nerves! We are settled!

Red. (Pretending to start with astonishment, hits Bertrand in the face with his hat.—Aside.) Be quiet. (Aloud.) Who is the unfortunate victim?

Dum. Mr. Germeuil.

Red. I recollect him well. (To Bertrand.) The old gentleman we saw here last night, with cotton stockings, pepper-and-salt coat, and parsley-and-butter waistcoat.

Lou. Your passports—

Red. Certainly—there is mine. (Giving a paper.) No, I beg pardon—that is a letter from a little countess—a lovely creature! That is it—no, that's my tailor's bill—that is it.

Lou. (Examining Passports.) You are called—

Red. (Bowing.) Yes.

Lou. Your name is—

Red. (Bowing.) You are perfectly right, it is—



Lou. I ask your name.

Red. Henri Frederick Louis de Tour de Main, de la Chateau Margot, de la Tonnerre Saint Redmond, Ambassador to the King of the Kickeraboo Islands, and Knight of the Ancient Order of the Kerfousels.

(Crossing to R. H.)

Lou. (Crossing to Bertrand.) Now, sir, your passport—have you one?

Ber. (Aside.) Oh, my poor nerves! Now for it! I am melting away like a rushlight!

Red. The gentleman does you the honour to ask for your passport.

Ber. (To Loupy.) Why I showed it to you, yesterday.

Red. What does that matter? Isn't the gentleman in the exercise of his functions.

Ber. (Aside.) Curse his functions! I wish he would not exercise them on me.

Red. He has a right to interrogate you, and—(pointedly.)—you have no right to answer him.

Ber. There! (Lets a paper fall.—Aside.) That's the duplicate of a pair of trowsers—that's my other shirt—there it is. (Giving passport.)

Lou. You are called—

Ber. Bertrand.

Lou. (Looking over passport.) And how are you—

Ber. Pretty well, I thank you—how are you?

Lou. Psha! I mean how are you described—what is your profession?

Ber. An orphan.

Lou. I ask what is your profession?

Ber. I tell you, an orphan. I'm a natural.

Red. (Crossing to Loupy.) I beg pardon, but my friend is not in his right senses—he is deranged at times—a little cracked—half an idiot,

Lou. He seems so. Your papers are all regular—all correct. (Returning them.)

(Gendarme appears at the back with Marie—he brings her over the bridge.)

Red. Then I suppose we may continue our journey.

Lou. No—you must not go until the inquest is over. No one must leave the house till then—

Ber. Oh, my poor nerves! We are in for it again!

Enter GENDARME with MARIE, R. H. D. in V.

Mar. In the name of Heaven, what do you want with me!—Why am I brought here?

Dum. Approach, unhappy woman, and let us hear if you can exculpate yourself from the dreadful crime of which you are accused.

Mar. What mean you? Accused! Gracious Heaven! what crime do you lay to my charge?

Dum. Mr. Germeuil has been murdered!

Mar. (Wildly.) And am I suspected of being his murderer?

Dum. You are.

Red. (Aside.) How fortunate.

Mar. I am lost! (Covering her face with her hands.)

Dum. What have you to say, wretched woman, in your defence? Do you confess the deed?

Mar. (Wildly.) Confess! confess what? that I have deprived a fellow creature of life? that I am a murderess? 'Tis beyond relief—'tis too horrible to be real! Recall those cruel words! Ah, you are silent—'tis no illusion, then. You do accuse me! Oh, sir—good gentlemen, do not let appearances or circumstances condemn me. I swear before heaven I am innocent! You may doubt

my words—but look upon me; the truth is written here, on this pallid brow and care-worn cheeks, these streaming eyes, these feeble hands, which now I raise to you in agony of soul, for justice and for mercy.

(Frantically kneeling to Dumont and grasping his hand.)

Dum. Rise—rise, unfortunate woman! I pity you, but am sorry to say suspicion is strongly against your innocence.

Pierre. How did you come by the purse you let fall this morning?

Mar. 'Twas given me by Mr. Germeuil.

Dum. Indeed! and for what purpose?

Ber. Ah, for what purpose?

Red. (Striking him.) Hold your tongue!

Mar. He gave it me in charity, as an earnest of his future bounty.

Dum. How much money did the purse contain?

Mar. Four louis. I have not touched them—here they are. (Taking out purse.)

Dum. Woman—woman, this last evidence is conclusive. No one would give so large a sum without first being acquainted with the person on whom it was bestowed.

Lou. There can be no doubt of her guilt. Arrest her. (To Gendarmes.)

Red. (Aside.) We are safe!

Ber. Let us be off!

Mar. Save me! save me! I'm innocent! Do not—oh, do not, murder me!

Lou. Your name?

Mar. Marie Beaumont.

Dum. (Starting.) Is that your name?

Mar. Alas! yes, sir.

Dum. (Rapidly.) Have you any children?

Mar. I had a son.

Dum. What became of him?

Mar. I know not. Cruel necessity obliged me to abandon him nineteen years ago, at an inn on the road to Grenoble.

Dum. Did you ever live at Grenoble?

Mar. Yes, sir; many years ago.

Dum. You were detained in prison there?

Mar. Oh, sir! do you know—

Dum. You were accused, as you now are?

Mar. I was, but as I am now—I was innocent. But why these questions? do you know anything of my son? Do not torture me! Tell me! tell me, is he still alive?

Dum. He is!

Mar. Thank heaven! Where is he!

Cha. Here, mother! here!

(Rushing into her arms.)

Mar. Yes! yes, he is my son! my heart knows him!

Cha. Mother! dear mother!

(Retires up with Marie.—Redmond, who, during this scene has become deeply interested, wipes a tear from his eye, takes a pinch of snuff, then relapses into his usual heartless manner, picks up a pocket handkerchief—which Charles drops when he embraces his mother—flourishes it about, and makes his box creak.)

Red. (To Bertrand.) 'Tis my son.

Ber. You have found all your family here.

Mar. My son! my dear son! (Caressing him.)

Cha. Dear mother, at what a moment do I find you.

Mar. Be comforted. Heaven will not desert me.  
Lou. Madam, you must follow me.

Cha. Ah, sir! she is my mother!—do not take her from me! I will answer for her appearance. Let her remain with Mr. Dumont while we employ every means in our power to find the real murderer, for I am sure she is innocent.

Lou. I scarcely dare trust you.

(They go up together, conversing.)

Enter BAGUETTE and FUSEE, D. in F., and give a paper to Loupy.

Red. (Advancing with Bertrand.) I try to be indifferent and callous, but I still feel my heart beat and yearn to embrace my son. I dare not own him, yet I should like to feel his hand in mine. Ah! this is his handkerchief—I'll return it to him. Here is your pocket handkerchief, sir, which you let fall just now. (Seizing his hand and squeezing it.) Charles—I beg your pardon—Mr. Charles, I congratulate you on finding your mother.

(Charles goes up.)

Ber. (Taking Redmond by the arm.) Now, then, let us be off.

Lou. Secure those men.

(Pointing to Bertrand and Redmond. The gendarmes seize them.)

Red. Secure us, for what?

Lou. For having escaped from the prison at Lyons. I have here a full description of your persons. One of you travels under the name of Bertrand—

Ber. Oh, my poor nerves—that's me!

Lou. And the other under the name of Redmond—but the first is no other than Jacques Strop, and the second Robert Macaire.

Mar. Macaire! did I hear aright? (Redmond's face is concealed with a black handkerchief—Loupy pulls it off.) 'Tis he! 'tis my husband!

(Faints.)

Red. Subterfuge is useless. 'Tis true, I am Robert Macaire.

Ber. And I am Jacques Strop!

Lou. Away with them!

[Baguette and Fuzee force Bertrand off.]

Ber. Oh, my poor nerves! This is my last kick! (Kicking gendarmes as he is taken off.)

Red. Stay a moment—(To Batou and Flonflon, who are about to take him away.)—I have something to say. Serjeant Loupy, Robert Macaire has lived a bold and fearless man, and such he'll die!

(With a sudden effort of strength, he throws down the two gendarmes, who have hold of him, rushes up the stage, jumps out of the window, runs up the platform, and gains the bridge waving his hand in defiance.)

Lou. He will escape! Fire at him!

(The gendarmes fire out of the window. Redmond falls on the bridge, with his arms hanging over it.—Tableau.)

Mar. Ah! they have killed him! Unfortunate man! he was doomed to die a desperate death!

(The gendarmes take up Redmond, and bring him to the front of the stage.)

Mac. 'Twas too late! yet 'twas a chance for life! I risked it bravely. Ha, ha, ha, ha! (Laughing wildly.) I have foiled you, villains. I shall die like a man, and not by the hand of an executioner. I am growing faint—my senses are leaving me. Marie, Marie! Come, come to me. (She kneels.) Where are you? (Looking at her.) Can you forgive me? (She throws her arms round him.) Thank you, thank you. Heaven has avenged you. Ah, while life remains, let me do an act of justice. (To Loupy.) She is innocent of the murder of Mr. Germeuil; 'twas I that did it; you will find upon me the twelve thousand francs. Approach young man—(to Charles.)—Give me your hand; be kind to your poor mother—and pardon, pardon your guilty, inhuman father.

(Dies.)

Disposition of the Characters at the fall of the Curtain.

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